ALL ACTION, EVERY MONTH • LET THE GALAXY BURN!

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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

THIS TIME IT'S WAR!

TITAN

PLUS: INQUISITOR • DARKBLADE & KAL JERICO: THE MOTHERLODE

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

GUTSPEW? OI, GUTSPEW! Where are you, you great snivelling excuse for a Chaos Warrior? Gutspew? GUTSPEW!

PSSST! PSSSSSSST!

EH? GUTSPEW? By the Sacred Throne, what are you doing lurking down there? You're not sneaking a read of a new comic before I've seen it again, are you? Get out from under that bulkhead or...

SNUT UP! *Get down here quick, before you attract his attention! Hurry! Hurry!*

HAVE YOU TRULY lost it? Have the long months trapped out here in the vast emptiness of the Warp finally got to you? Get out of there this instant, you cowardly traitor!

WILL YOU SHUSH?! *You Ultra-thick-marine! There's no time! Take cover before HE hears you! Come on! Come ON! You don't really want to die, do you?*

EH? HE? Who's this 'He'? One of your patron daemons perhaps? Ha! Bring him on! I fear no vile Chaos thing!

BANEBLADE, *you arrogant fool! Not even you could stand against HIM! Worlds tremble at his feet! Cities burn from his wrath! Men die just at the merest sight of him! He is truly a God! Now get down here!*

Clank! ... Clang! ... Pound! ... Scrape!

OH, GUTSPEW! You great coward! It's just Imperius Dictatio. And what a mighty war machine he is too! No wonder you're terrified of him, you lily-livered wretch! Hey, Dictatio! Here, boy! Here, boy! Come on. Nice Chaos Warrior down here. That's it, down here, by me!

BANEBLADE, NOOOOO!!! *You don't know what you're doing!*

Fakkoooooomm!! Stomp! Stomp! STOMP! CRUSH!!!

ERM, BANEBLADE? BANEBLADE? *Are you all right? You do look a bit flat! I guess he didn't realise you're on his side. Very well. You just lie there and distract him while I run off in the other direction...*

NEXT ISSUE: TITAN versus TYRANIDS!

Inside this comic...

NEW! NEW! NEW!

TITAN: VIVAPORIUS

Princeps Hekate and the crew of Imperius Dictatio return in this all-new Titan story, set upon the blighted war-world of Vivaporius.

DARKBLADE

Lost amidst the foul swamps of Dedreka, Malus Darkblade and Spite must finally face the cold and cruel Baineth Bale and his evil Witchguard.

INQUISITOR

Defay and his pupil, Gravier now begin the final stage of cleaning the vile web of Chaos on Nicodemus. They must return to Narthex, the very heart of the corruption!

KAL JERICO

Captured and bound, and stuck right in the middle of a Scavvie raid, Kal and Scabbs must somehow escape – and then survive attacks coming at them from every side!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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INQUISITOR

BOOK ONE: THE TAINT OF NICODEMUS

CHAPTER EIGHT

SCRIPT DAN ABNETT ◊ ART SIMON COLEBY
LETTERS GORDON ROBSON

OUR FLYER POWERED DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS AHEAD, **NARTHEX**, CAPITAL OF THE PESTILENCE RIDDLED WORLD OF **NICODEMUS**.

FOR FIVE MONTHS WE HAD BEEN DIGGING THE TRUTH OUT OF THIS PLACE. NOW, AS THE END APPROACHED, MY HEART WAS IN MY MOUTH

SO MUCH ANTICIPATION. SO MUCH REVEALED TO US

THE CHASE HAD LED US FROM THE VOLTINE PALACE HERE IN NARTHEX, TO THE DUCHY OF LORTH, TO THE ESTATES OF STROME, PANOSS AND THE MARQUISY OF TAYLNE

NOW WE **KNEW**. NOW WE KNEW THE TRUE EXTENT OF THE CURSE.

FROM THE LIFE OF DECAY BY HIS PUPIL GRAVIER.

GRAVIER—

WHEN WE MAKE LANDFALL, YOU MUST HEAD FOR THE ARCHIVUM.

LORD?

DON'T LOOK SO
THERE IS A MOUND OF CLERICAL WORK I MUST HAVE YOU DO
CLERICAL WORK ?
BUT...BUT...WE HAVE FOUND THE TRUTH !
THE CARDINAL SARTHOS HIMSELF ! HE HAS BEEN CLOAKING THIS WHOLE AFFAIR !
INDEED AND I WILL FACE HIM FOR IT
A CARDINAL OF THE ECCLESIARCH COVERING UP A TAINTED BLOOD LINE ? THAT IS A CRIME I MUST PROSECUTE
AND I WILL STAND WITH YOU ! I AM YOUR BOUND SERVANT !
SO YOU ARE, GRAVIER MY PUPIL
AND YOU HAVE LEARNED WELL IN THIS SORRY AFFAIR

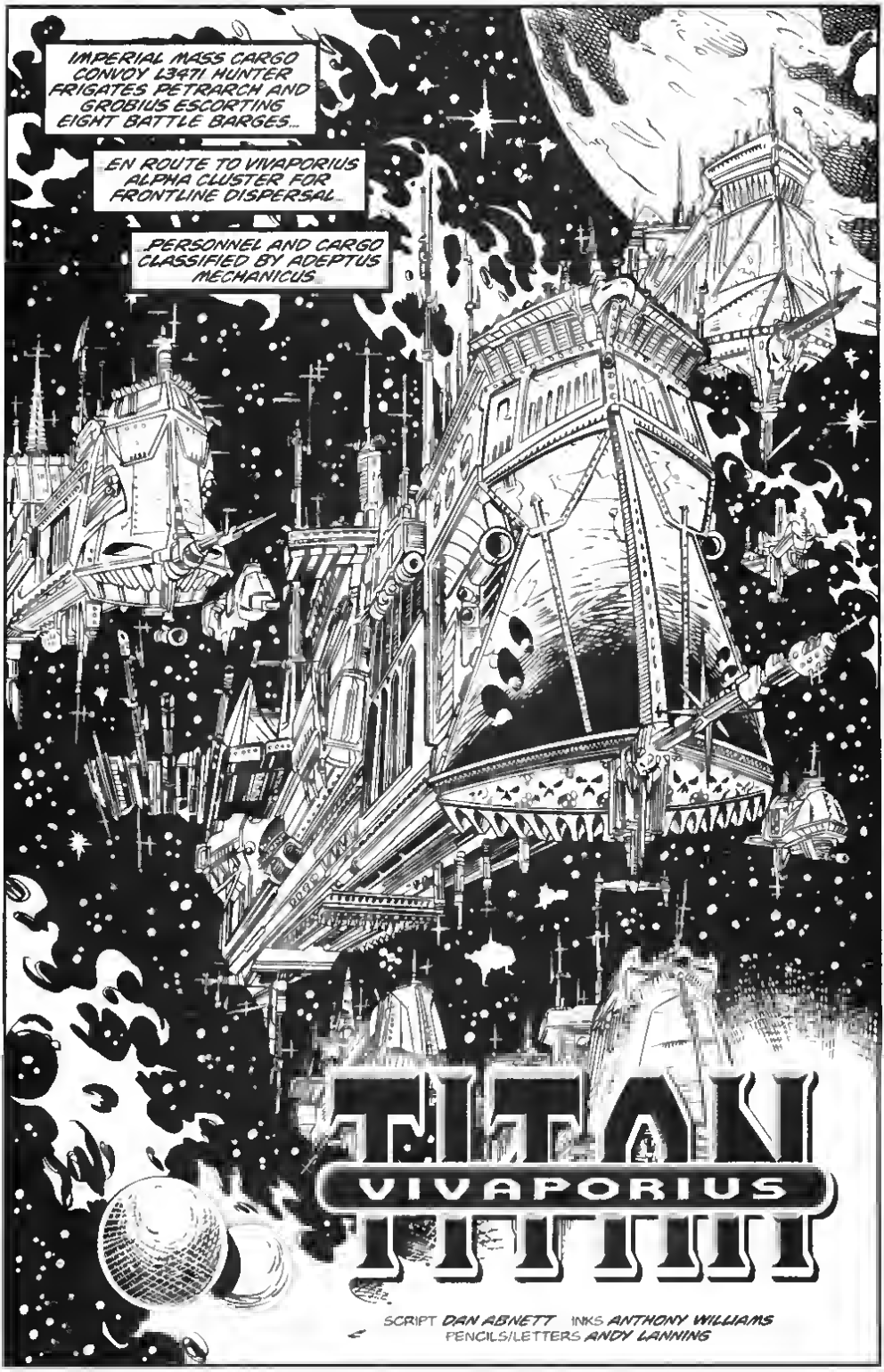
BUT I HAVE WORK FOR YOU
SARTHOS IS A CARDINAL
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT WILL BE TO PROVE HAS MALINTENT WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE ECCLESIARCH BEHIND HIM ?
I CAN GUESS
I NEED RIGHT ON MY SIDE I NEED A COMPREHENSIVE DOCUMENT OF FACTS THAT I CAN PRODUCE TO QUALIFY MY INQUISITION
I NEED YOU NOW, GRAVIER, AS I CONFRONT SARTHOS, I NEED YOUR SCHOLARSHIP TO SUBSTANTIATE MY WORK
I WILL DO AS YOU SAY
YOUR WORK WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN, GRAVIER

SO MY MASTER SENT ME TO PERFORM THE BOOKWORK IT WAS PERHAPS THE GRAVEST MISJUDGEMENT HE HAD EVER MADE
OR WAS HE BEING CLEVER.. DEFLECTING MY EYES SO ?
HINDSIGHT IS A POOR VIEWPOINT. ALL I KNOW IS I ENTERED THE ARCHIVIUM
IN ITS SHADOWY HULK, HOURS PASSED BY
HOURS AND HOURS UNTIL BY THE MOST REMOTE CHANCE, A CROSS-REFERENCE LED ME TO
WHAT ? WHAT IS THIS ? HOW CAN IT BE ?
BY THE EMPEROR ! SARTHOS IS ONE TOO ! PART OF THE MATHELDAS BLOODLINE ! THRONE OF EARTH ! HE HAS CHAOS IN HIM !
I MUST WARN MY MASTER AT ONCE !

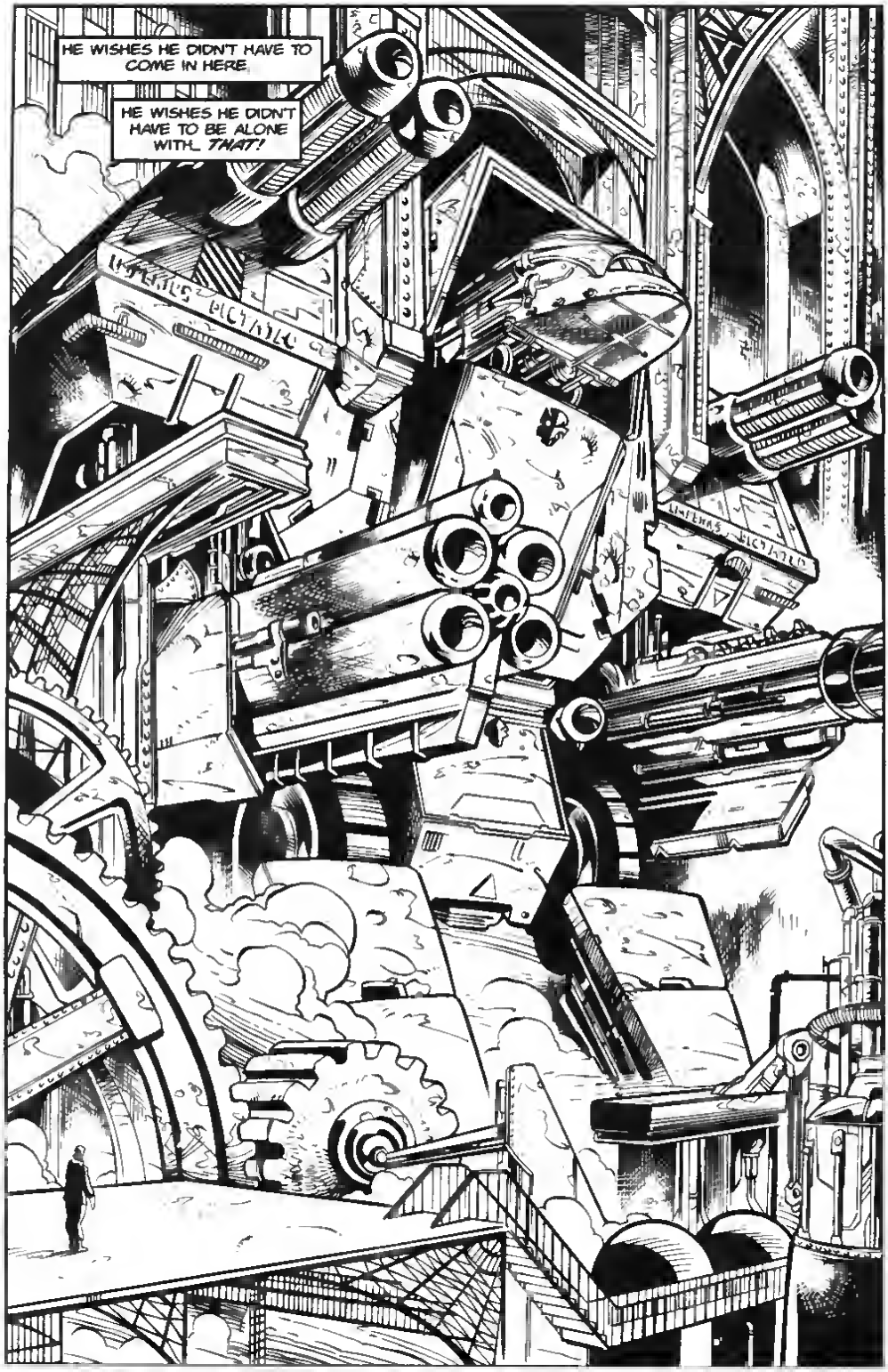
INQUISITOR DEFAY
ARCHDEACON DAHL
HOW PLEASANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN STAND ASIDE
STAND EASY, GUARD LET THE INQUISITOR PASS.
GOOD. I'M GLAD YOU REMEMBER WHAT I DID TO YOUR SERVITORS LAST TIME
SARTHOS? ARE YOU HERE? IT'S DEFAY! SHOW YOURSELF!
MASTER! INQUISITOR DEFAY!!
WHAT'S ALL THE UPROAR ABOUT, DEFAY? I'M HERE
SO YOU ARE
IT'S TIME TO RECEIVE PUNISHMENT FOR YOUR CRIMES.
YOU COVERED IT ALL UP, DIDN'T YOU?

COVERED WHAT UP? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
ARE YOU THREATENING A CARDINAL OF THE ECCLESIARCH?
SUCH IS MY DUTY, TRAITOR!
SSS-CHUKK!
MASTER DEFAY! SARTHOS IS OF THE BLOODLINE TOO! BEWARE!
BE CALM, GRAVIER. I GUESSED AS MUCH.
IT'S ALL OVER
ARE... ARE YOU SO SURE?
CLEANSING THE OTHERS WAS NEVER SO EASY..

YOUR SERVANT TELLS THE TRUTH, DEFAY! YOU HAVE NOT KILLED ME!
YOU HAVE RELEASED ME!
AND NOW, I, SARTHOS, FREED FROM MY MORTAL CHAINS...
...WILL REPAY YOU BOTH WITH A SWIFT AND SIMPLE DEATH!
NEXT: ENDPLAY!


IMPERIAL MASS CARGO CONVOY L347I HUNTER FRIGATES PETRARCH AND GROBIUS ESCORTING EIGHT BATTLE BARGES...
...EN ROUTE TO VIVAPORIUS ALPHA CLUSTER FOR FRONTLINE DISPERSAL...
...PERSONNEL AND CARGO CLASSIFIED BY ADEPTUS MECHANICUS
TITAN
VIVAPORIUS
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT INKS ANTHONY WILLIAMS
PENCILS/LETTERS ANDY LANNING

DECK OFFICER LEESE HATES THE LONELY PATROL ROUNDS DURING NIGHT-CYCLE ABOARD THE BATTLE BARGE FULVIUS
IT'S QUIET AND COLD, AND THE DECKS THROB WITH THE DISTANT, CONSTANT POWER OF THE MAIN DRIVE.
JUNCTION CONDUIT 453-91 CLEAR AND FUNCTIONING EMPEROR'S GRACE.
HE HATES IT PARTICULARLY WHEN THE FULVIUS IS CARRYING CARGO LIKE THE ONE CURRENTLY SLUMBERING IN THE MAIN HOLD
THAT SORT OF THING WOULD SCARE ANYBODY. AND HE'S HEARD STORIES.
JUNCTION CONDUIT 259-78 CLEAR AND FUNCTIONING. PRAISE BE.
STORIES LIKE... THEY'RE ALIVE.
MAIN FORWARD HOLD
HATCH OPENING


HE WISHES HE DIDN'T HAVE TO COME IN HERE.
HE WISHES HE DIDN'T HAVE TO BE ALONE WITH... THAT!

M-M-M-M-
AHEM! HEM-HEMM!
MAIN FORWARD HOLD SECURE BY HIS GLORY!
EYES OF THE EMPEROR!
KREEEAAAKKK!
IT MOVED! I SWEAR IT MOVED!
WHAT MOVED?
YAAAAHHHH!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?
I AM PRINCEPS HEKATE OF THE TITAN LEGION
I ASKED YOU WHAT MOVED, CREWMAN?

MY APOLOGIES, LORD. I DIDN'T RECOGNISE YOU
I THOUGHT... THAT IS... I THOUGHT THE GOD-BEAST MOVED
THAT BEAST IS IMPERIUS DICTATIO, WARLORD TITAN
DON'T WORRY... HE WAS PROBABLY JUST DREAMING.
DREAMING?
YOU TALK LIKE... LIKE IT'S ALIVE.
THE MACHINE GODS ARE NOT DEAD METAL, CAPTAIN
AND THEY DISLIKE THE CONFINEMENT OF STARSHIP TRANSPORTATION
WHY, SIR?
WHY DO YOU THINK THE ADEPTUS CLERICS SPENT SO LONG PERFORMING THE CALMING RITUALS AFTER HE WAS BROUGHT ON BOARD?
WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN HERE, LORD?
LOOK AT THE SIZE AND POWER OF DICTATIO, MY FRIEND WHERE HE WALKS, THE GROUND SHAKES. IN HIS LIMBS RESIDE THE POWER TO BURN CITIES.
HE IS USED TO BEING FREE. TITANS LOATHE BEING BOXED IN LIKE THIS. THEY LOATHE THE IMPOTENCE OF LONG, SILENT VOYAGES

I WAS THINKING REMEMBERING.
I AM PART OF IMPERIUS DICTATIO, CREWMAN. I DON'T LIKE TO BE AWAY FROM HIM FOR TOO LONG
I MUST CONTINUE WITH MY ROUNDS. SORRY TO HAVE DISTURBED YOU, SIR.
ON YOUR WAY, CREWMAN. SAFE NIGHT TO YOU.
TO YOU TOO, PRINCEPS.
HATCH CLOSING
KTOOOM!
NOW LEESE HATES THE LONELY PATROL ROUNDS DURING THE NIGHT CYCLE MORE THAN EVER!

ALONE NOW... ERVIN HEKATE... PRINCEPS, COMMANDER OF THE WARLORD DICTATIO
ON THE FRENZIED WARZONE OF BALOR SECUNDUS, HIS BEING BE CAME ENMESHED FOREVER WITH THE MACHINE MIND OF THE GREAT WEAPON
THEY WERE BONDED TOGETHER, BONDED AS ONE. HUMAN SOUL BRAIDED AND SOLDERED INTO THE MECHANICAL SENTIENCE
HE FEELS DREAMING DICTATIO IN HIS MIND, REMEMBERS THE DELICIOUS JOY OF BEING A GOD
DREAMING IN SYMPATHY PRINCEPS AND TITAN RELIVE THE FINAL, GLORIOUS HOURS ON BALOR SECUNDUS...
MODERATI VOSS! SWING US AROUND! NINETY-EIGHT DEGREE TRAVERSE STARBOARD! INTERNAL DAMPERS AT MAXIMUM TO KEEP US STEADY! DONT SPOIL MY AIM!
TACTICAL! NALLEN! I WANT A HARD SENSOR RETURN ON THAT OTHER GARGANT! THERE'S OIL SMOKE FOGGING MY VISUAL BEARING I WANT TO FEEL WHERE THAT THING IS!
ENGINEER DORN! TURBINE PRESSURE TO THE RED LINE! FULL POWER TO THE LEGS! STRIDING SPEED!
ALL AUTOLOADERS ENGAGE AND RE-CYCLE! VENT SPENT CASINGS! ARM THE TURBO-LASERS! COMING TO BEAR ON A MARK OF THREE... TWO... ONE...

(CONTINUED AFTER THE MIDDLE PAGES)

ADEPTUS MECHANICUS

Born during an age of strife. Imbued with a warrior spirit. Built as a machine. Worshipped as a god...

IMPERIUS DICTATIO • WARLORD TITAN

TURBO LASERS

Quad- or twin-mounted Turbo Lasers are the best weapons for engaging multiple armoured targets. They are therefore ideal for punching holes in enemy tanks and armoured vehicles.

VOLCANO CANNON

This large cannon fires a single devastating bolt of laser energy, which tears through steel to destroy the best-armoured enemy – including other Titans.

GATLING BLASTER

The Gatling Blaster fires a nail of 150mm explosive shells from its revolving barrels, allowing the Titan to cut down waves of infantry or even lightly armoured vehicles.

WARLORD CLASS TITAN

Designed before the Age of the Imperium, the Titans of the Adeptus Mechanicus are among the ultimate war machines of the 41st Millennium. Standing over a hundred feet tall, the Warlord Battle Titan towers over any battlefield. Able to field four independent weapon systems along with six powerful Void shields, the Warlord is designed for continuous frontline use in any war zone.

It is widely believed that each Titan has a personality of its own. Although not thought to be sentient in its own right, a Battle Titan will develop certain characteristics over a prolonged period of time. Whether it is a result of a psychic imprint from every Princeps or the incarnation of the Machine God, none can say.

Art: Anthony Williams

FIRE!
STORMING THE LAST ORK STRONGHOLD IN THE FINAL DAYS OF THE WAR, OBLITERATING IN A PLANET-WIDE FIRESTORM THE LAST DESPERATE RESISTANCE OF THE GREEN-HIDE WRETCHES.
CROSSING THE WESTERN PERIMETER OF THE EMPLACEMENT, FLANKED BY FELLOW WARLORD *REGALIS ANNIHILATUS* AND THE SWIFT, DEADLY WARHOUND *VITAS FALCO*.
THE THUNDER OF THE VOLCANO CANNON, TOO LOUD FOR SOUND THE WHITE HEAT OF THE BLITZ-FIRES. THE STENCH OF BURNING FAT AND GRISTLE
THE BERSERK *JOY* OF BATTLEHOOD

HEKATE OF DICTATIO TO INDERON OF ANNIHILIATUS!
LASER BATTERIES TO YOUR PORT FLANK!
I SEE THEM, HEKATE!
SIGNAL ACKNOWLEDGED, PRINCEPS TREECE!
NALLEN, INFORM IMPERIAL COMMAND... BALOR SECUNDUS IS OURS!
THEY ARE BURNED!
TREECE OF FALCO TO BROTHER PRINCEPS! THEIR FIRING DIMINISHES!
THE ORKS HAVE FALLEN! THE STRONGHOLD IS WON!
IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR, THE PLANET IS OURS!

WE GO TO A WORLD CALLED VIVAPORIUS, WARLORD. A NEW FOE AWAITS US THERE.
THE TYRANID. THE DEVOURER OF WORLDS BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING, A FOE AS ABOMINABLE AS CHAOS ITSELF.
TACTICAL EVALUATIONS SUGGEST VIVAPORIUS IS A VITAL BRIDGEHEAD TYRANID FORCES OF UNIMAGINABLE STRENGTH ARE DEPLOYED THERE, THAT IS WHY TITAN LEGIONS HAVE BEEN SENT TO CONFRONT
OUR SHEER STRENGTH IS DESPERATELY NEEDED.
I FEAR THE TYRANIDS, DICTATIO I FEAR THEIR ALIEN NATURE. I FEAR WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
BUT YOU DON'T, DO YOU? YOU HAVE NO FEAR.
YOUR ONLY DESIRE IS TO BE FREE OF THIS PRISON, TO STRIDE OUT, TO UNLEASH YOUR FURY, TO DESTROY THE FOE NO MATTER WHAT THAT FOE MAY BE.
SOON.
I PROMISE YOU. SOON.
THE FIRST VICTORY OUR FIRST VICTORY, DICTATIO.
A WORLD AT OUR FEET. A BILLION FOES DEAD AND BURNING.
I PROMISED YOU THEN SUCH GLORIES WOULD BE OURS AGAIN.

NEXT - THE CREMATION

KAL JERICO IN THE MOTHERLODE

SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE • ART KARL KOPINSKI • LETTERS GORDON ROBSON

AMBUSH! SCAVVY AMBUSH!
"Why search amongst the stars for hostile and inhuman enemies, when such creatures can be found in the heart of many of mankind's greatest and oldest strongholds?"
"I talk now of the vile 'Scavvies' of Necromunda, degenerate savages who for too long have been allowed to thrive amongst the deepest reaches of that world's Hive cities."
SHRRWK!
"Could it be that the Space Marines find no glory in a crusade of extermination against such creatures? Do the Imperial Guard see no medals and no honours in a campaign to finally root out and destroy these vermin?"
–Xenologist scribe Maxis Gogol, 'Notes from the Underhive' (Declared Liber Heretica, 759.M39. Author excommunicated in extremis.)

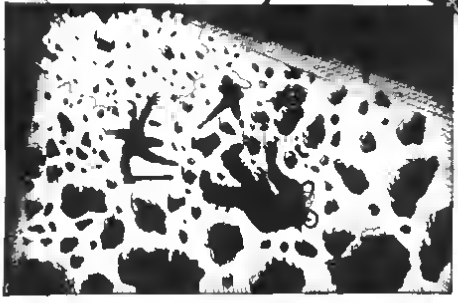
FOR KAL JERICO, FORCED BY THE RUTHLESS GUZMAN LUDO TO TAKE PART IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE MYTHICAL MOTHERLODE HORDE OF LOST ARCHEOTECH, THE SCAVVY ATTACK IS JUST WHAT HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR-
YOU SURE THIS IS GOING TO WORK ?
JUST HOLD THAT CHAINSWORD STEADY, SCABBS
LAST THING I NEED NOW IS FOR YOU TO COME OVER WITH A BAD CASE OF THE SNAKEBITE SHAKES!
BIZZZZZIT!
SHAKKK!
NOW FOR THE OTHER ONES
SHINK!
HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY CHAINS ?!
WHEN THERE'S TIME, SCABBS
NOW SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!

SCAVVY FILTH! KILL THEM ALL!! I WILL NOT LET THEM STAND IN THE WAY OF MY DESTINY!
I HAVE SEEN IT IN MY VISIONS. THE MOTHERLODE WILL BE MINE, AND NOTHING WILL STAND IN—
WHAT?!
JERICO AND THE OTHER ONE THEY'RE ESCAPING!
FEG—FETCH!
SCABBS?
UH-HUH?
YOU REMEMBER I TOLD YOU TO RUN? WELL, PERHAPS I WASN'T BEING CLEAR ENOUGH.
"WE NEED TO RUN FASTER, SCABBS. MUCH FASTER."

OH SCAV!
JERICO! I'M COMING, JERICO-
COMIN' TA GET YA!
BLAHH!
GONNA BREAK YA, PRETTY-BOY-
KLANG!
GONNA PULL YA APART, SLOW AND EASY
MISTER LUDD WANTS YA ALIVE, BUT HE DIDN'T SAY YA HADDA BE ALL IN ONE PIECE!
KUTCH!

UM... KAL?
IN A MOMENT, SCABBS
CHUDD!
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M DESPERATELY FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE AGAINST AN UNSTOPPABLE MANIAC-CYBORG?
WHOKK!
≥ Uuugh'E
RRRR

SHROOM!



SHRUUMP!

=Cough= 'E WHERE - WHERE ARE WE ?
MORE TO THE POINT, WHERE'S FEG ?

OH, I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO BE BOTHERING US AGAIN MUCH IN THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE
AS TO WHERE WE ARE WELL, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, SCABBS

GUZMAN LUDD WAS RIGHT..THAT FAT, DRUG-ADDLED DEGENERATE WAS ACTUALLY RIGHT HE SAID HE'D SEEN IN HIS VISIONS THAT WE WOULD FIND IT, AND THAT'S WHAT WE'VE DONE—
WE'VE FOUND IT, SCABBS THE MOTHERLODE REALLY DOES EXIST, AND WE'VE FOUND IT
99 ©
TO BE CONTINUED...

DarkBlade
BOOK II
Part Seven- The Marshes of Dedreka
Script Dan Abnett Art Kev Hopgood
LOST
FOR THE SPACE OF FOURTEEN MOONS MALUS DARKBLADE HAS STRUGGLED TO FIND THE RIGHT PATH
THE SAVAGE MARSHLAND HAS CLOSED AROUND HIM LIKE A NOOSE
AND AT EVERY TURN THE BESTIAL HAUNTERS OF THE MERES AND POOLS HAVE STALKED HIM...

NOTHING.
THIS STAGNANT WASTELAND GOES ON FOREVER!
NO LANDMARK, NO FEATURE..
GRRRRHHH!
IS THERE NO END TO THE HORRORS OF THIS PLACE?

SHRAKK
ONWARD, SPITE!
LET THE CARRION KIND FEAST UPON THEIR OWN
THE MIST CLOSES INHUMAN CALLS RESOUND THROUGH THE DARKNESS
DESPAIR IS NOW HIS CONSTANT COMPANION
THOUGH HE KNOWS IT IS FUTILE, HE CONSULTS ONCE MORE THE ORB OF MALKIN...
...BUT THE DAMAGE DONE TO IT AT THE COURT OF PRINCE EZRIEL HAS BLINDED ITS PRESCIENCE FOR ALL ETERNITY

EZRIEL TOLD ME THE DAEMON WHO STOLE MY SOUL DWELT FAR INTO THIS REALM OF CHAOS, BEYOND THE CRAGS OF FIRE AND ICE...
... BUT NOW MY ONLY GUIDE IS USELESS!
SO CLOSE! I WAS SO CLOSE TO FINDING THAT ACCURSED DAEMON TZARKAN!
GHHSSS!
I SEE IT TOO SPITE! WHAT DOES THIS PLACE HAVE IN STORE FOR US NOW?
QUICKLY, SPITE! TO COVER BEFORE THEY ARE ON US!
BY THE WITCH KING!

BALNETH BALE AND THE WITCH GUARD FROM THE ARK SHIP OF NAGOR
THEY HAVE HOUNDED HIM SINCE HE STOLE THE ORB FROM THEM
THE TRAITOR'S SPORE LEADS THIS WAY, WITCH LORD
THAT CARCASS WE FOUND WAS HIS HANDIWORK
THEN HE IS CLOSE...
CLOSER THAN YOU THINK!
WHAT IS THIS? HAVE YOU GROWN TIRED OF RUNNING FROM US, THAT YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP SO EASILY?
OR HAVE THE MARSHES DRIVEN YOU MAD?
NEITHER WITCH LORD

BUT I AM LOST IN THIS PLACE, AND IF YOU'VE COME FOR ME THEN YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT
I'D RATHER FACE YOU AND LEARN THAT WAY FROM YOUR DYING BREATHS THAN REMAIN LOST IN HERE FOREVER!
HA! HA!
HA!
HA! HA!
YOU FOOL! THESE ARE THE MARSHES OF DEDREKA! THIS SWAMP IS CURSED... NO ONE EVER FINDS THEIR WAY OUT AGAIN!
WE ARE RESIGNED TO OUR FATE! WE CARE NOT IF WE DIE IN HERE!
ALL I DESIRE IS TO PUNISH YOU WITH SLAUGHTER!
THEN LET US DIE TOGETHER!
NEXT: WITCH THE WICKED GUARD TO THE DEATH!

[DARKBLADE CONTINUES IN WH M#25]